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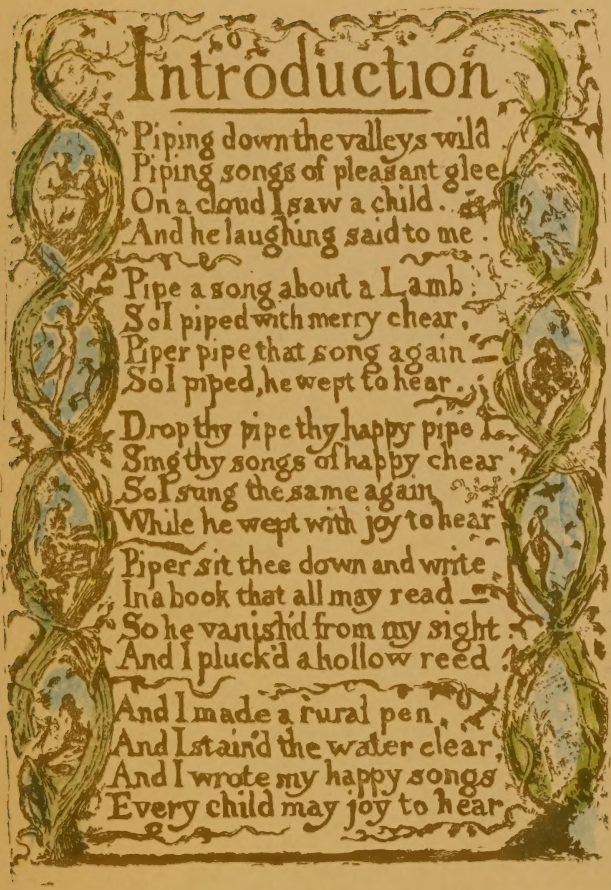
SONGS
of
Innocence
1890
The Author & Printer W Blake


Introduction
Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child.
And he laughing said to me.
Pipe a song about a Lamb:
So I piped with merry chear.
Piper pipe that song again
So I piped, he wept to hear.
Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe
Sing thy songs of happy chear
So I sung the same again
While he wept with joy to hear
Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read
So he vanish'd from my sight
And I pluck'd a hollow reed
And I made a rural pen
And I stain'd the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear

Spring

Sound the Flute!
Now it's mute.
Birds delight
Day and Night.
Nightingale
In the dale
Lark in Sky
Merrily
Merrily Merrily to welcome in the (Year

Little Boy
Full of joy.

Little

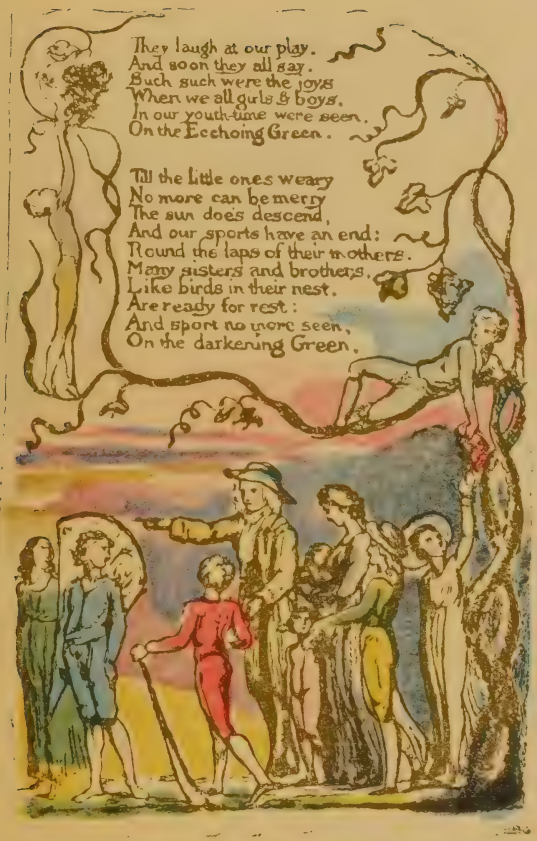
Little Girl
Sweet and small.
Cock does crow
So do you.
Merry voice
Infant noise
Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year
Little Lamb
Here I am
Come and lick
My white neck.
Let me pull
Your soft Wool.
Let me kiss
Your soft face.
Merrily Merrily we welcome in the
Year

The Ecchoing Green

The Sun does arise
And make happy the skies
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring.
The sky-lark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around,
To the bells cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.

They


They laugh at our play.
And soon they all say.
Such such were the joys
When we all girls & boys,
In our youth-time were seen,
On the Ecchoing Green.
Till the Little ones weary
No more can be merry
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end:
Round the laps of their mothers.
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest.
Are ready for rest:
And sport no more seen,
On the darkening Green.

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereavd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree
And sitting down before the heat of day
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say:

Look on the rising sun: there God does live
And gives his light, and gives his heat away
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning joy in the noon day.

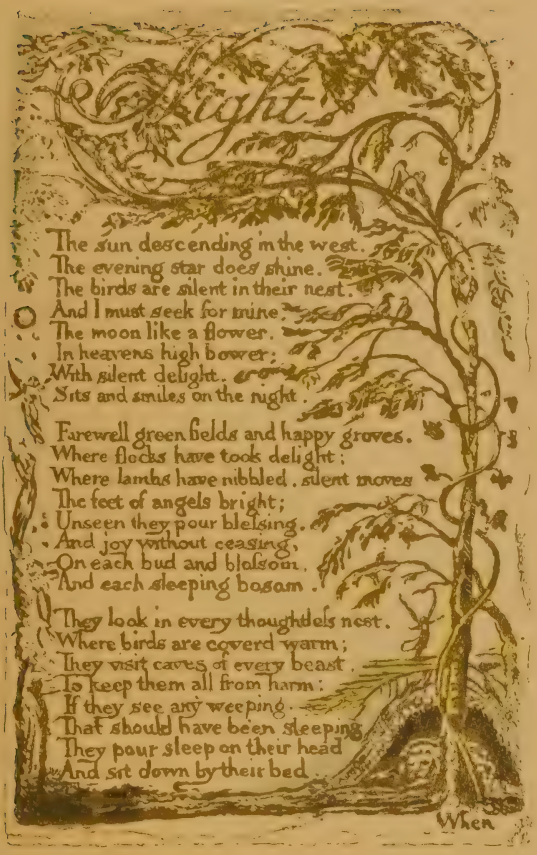
And we are put on earth a little space
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

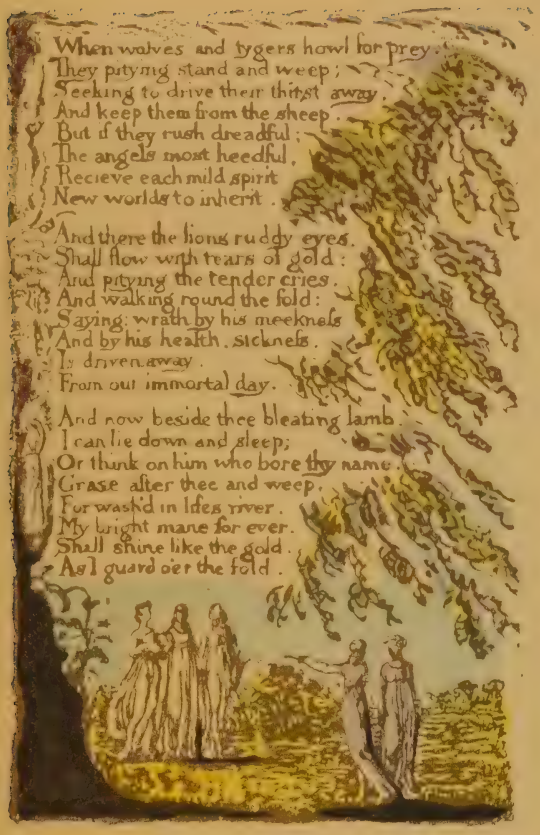
And be like him and he will then love me.

The Little Boy lost

Father father where are you going
O do not walk so fast.
Speak father speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark no father was there
The child was wet with dew.
The mire was deep & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew.


Night
The sun descending in the west.
The evening star does shine.
The birds are silent in their nest.
And I must seek for mine.
The moon like a flower.
In heavens high bower;
With silent delight.
Sits and smiles on the night.
Farewell green fields and happy groves.
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing.
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.
They look in every thoughtless nest.
Where birds are coverd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping
They pour sleep on their head
And sit down by their bed.
When


When wolves and tygers howl for prey
They pityng stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful;
The angels most heedful,
Recieve each mild spirit
New worlds to inherit.
And there the lions ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pityng the tender cries.
And walking round the fold:
Saying: wrath by his meekness
And by his health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.
And now beside thee bleating lamb
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bore thy name
Grase after thee and weep.
For washd in lifes river
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.

The Blossom.

Merry Merry Sparrow
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Sees you swift as arrow
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my Bosom.

Pretty Pretty Robin
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Hears you sobbing sobbing
Pretty Pretty Robin
Near my Bosom.

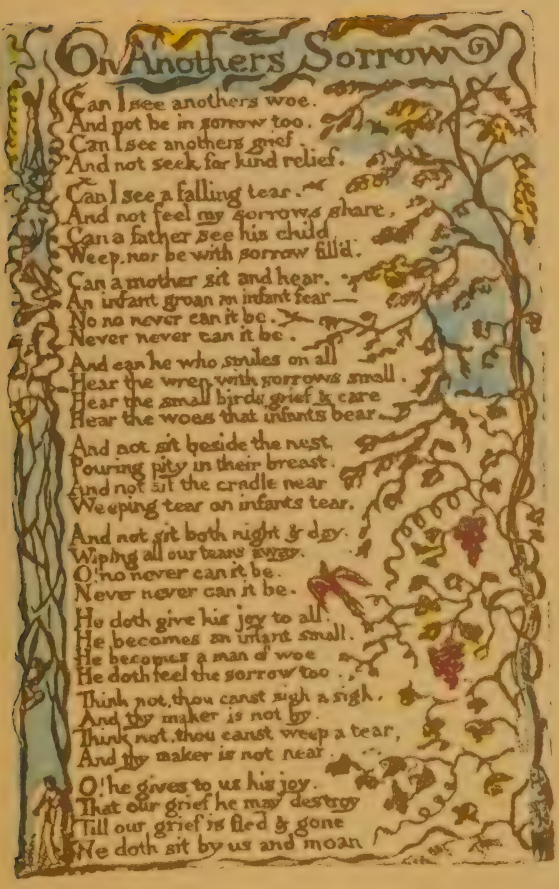
A Nurse's Song

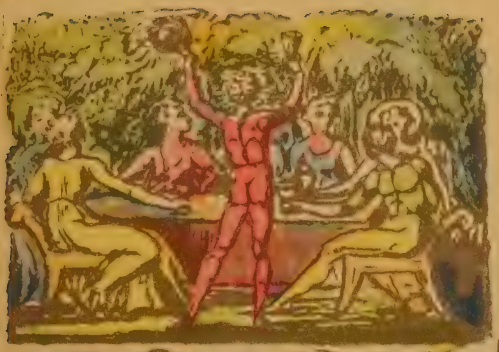
When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And every thing else is still

Then come home my children the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise
Come come leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies

No no let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep
Besides in the sky the little birds fly
And the hills are all coverd with sheep

Well well go & play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed
The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd
And all the hills ecchoed


On Anothers Sorrow
Can I see anothers woe.
And not be in sorrow too.
Can I see anothers grief.
And not seek for kind relief.
Can I see a falling tear.
And not feel my sorrows share.
Can a father see his child
Weep. nor be with sorrow fill'd.
Can a mother sit and hear.
An infant groan an infant fear —
No no never can it be.
Never never can it be.
And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small.
Hear the small birds grief & care
Hear the woes that infants bear.
And not sit beside the nest.
Pouring pity in their breast.
And not sit the cradle near
Weeping tear on infants tear.
And not sit both night & day.
Wiping all our tears away.
O! no never can it be.
Never never can it be.
He doth give his joy to all.
He becomes an infant small.
He becomes a man of woe
He doth feel the sorrow too.
Think not thou canst sigh a sigh.
And thy maker is not by.
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy maker is not near.
O! he gives to us his joy.
That our grief he may destroy
Till our grief is fled & gone
He doth sit by us and moan

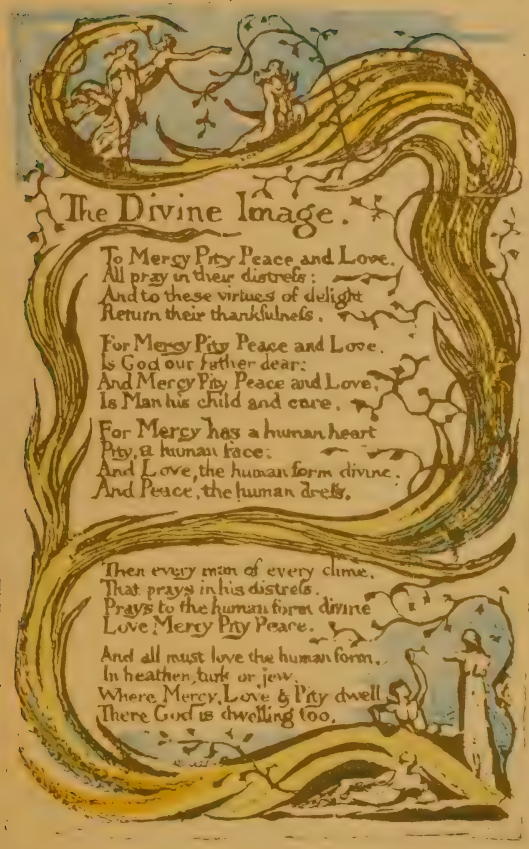


Laughing Song.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha.Ha.He.

When the painted birds laugh in the shade
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread
Come live & be merry and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha.Ha.He.


The Divine Image.
To Mercy Pity Peace and Love.
All pray in their distress:
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.
For Mercy Pity Peace and Love.
Is God our father dear:
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is Man his child and care.
For Mercy has a human heart
Pity, a human face:
And Love, the human form divine:
And Peace, the human dress.
Then every man of every clime.
That prays in his distress.
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace.
And all must love the human form.
In heathen, turk or jew.
Where Mercy, Love & Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

The Chimney Sweeper

When my mother died I was very young.
And my father sold me while yet my tongue,
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep.
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head
That curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare.
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair

And so he was quiet, & that very night,
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,

And by came an Angel who had a bright key
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
And the Angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy.
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm.
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

HOLY THURSDAY
'Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean
The children walking two & two in red & blue & green
Grey headed beadles walkd before with wands as white as
Then like a multitude they seemd
Seated in conscious they all with one voice all their own
Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor
Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door

The Little Boy found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen.
Led by the wandring light.
Began to cry. but God ever nigh.
Appeard like his father in white.

He kissed the child & by the hand led
And to his mother brought.
Who in sorrow pale. thro the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.

The Lamb
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight.
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice.
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb.
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee,
Little Lamb God bless thee.

The Shepherd.

How sweet is the Shepherds sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs innocent call.
And he hears the ewes tender reply.
He is watchful while they are in peace.
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

A CRADLE SONG
Weave thy brows an infant crown
Sweet sleep Angel mild
Sweet smiles in the night
Sweet smiles Mothers smile
Sweet babe in thy face

Wept for me for thee for all.
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see.
Heavenly face that smiles on thee:
Smiles on thee on me on all
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are his own smiles.
Heaven & earth to peace beguiles:

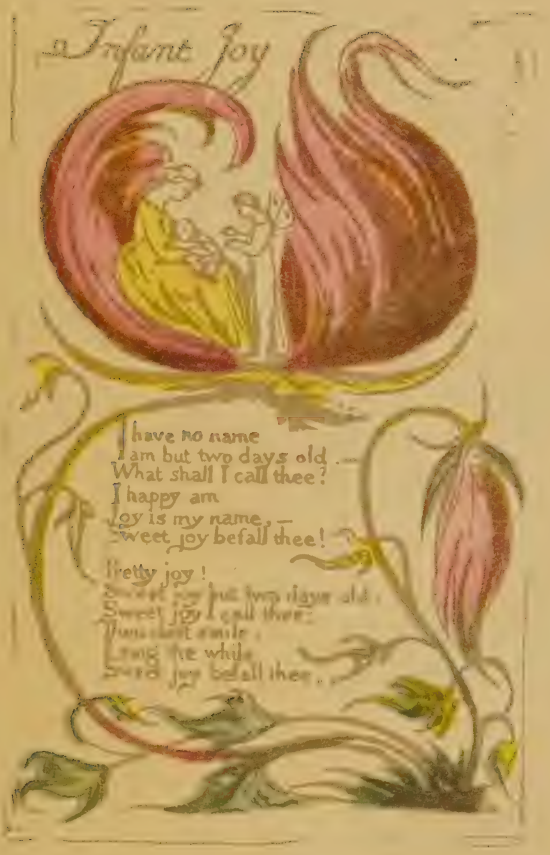
A Dream

Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed
That an Emmet lost it's way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled wilderd and folorn
Dark benighted travel-worn.
Over many a tangled spray
All heart-broke I heard her say.

O my children! do they cry
Do they hear their father sigh.
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.

Pitying I dropd a tear:
But I saw a glow-worm near:
Who replied. What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night.

I am set to light the ground.
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetles hum,
Little wanderer hie thee home.

Infant Joy
I have no name
I am but two days old.—
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name.—
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

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